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## POETRY.

### THE WORLD FOR SALE.

BY REV. RALPH ROY.

'The World for sale!—hang out the sign,  
Call every traveller here to me—  
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,  
And set me from earth's bondage free?  
'Tis going!—yes, I mean to fling  
This bubble from my soul away!—  
'Tis sell it, whatsoever it bring:  
'The world at auction here to-day!

It is a glorious thing to see:  
Ah! it has cheated me so sore!  
It is not what it seems to be.  
For sale!—it shall be mine no more.  
Come, turn it o'er and view it well,  
I would not have you purchase dear.  
'Tis going! going!—I must sell it—  
Who bids? Who'll buy the SPENDID TRAD?

Here's WEALTH in glittering heaps of gold—  
Who bids?—But let me tell you fair,  
A baser lot was never sold—  
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?  
And here spread out in broad domain,  
A goodly landscape all may trace:  
Hill—cottage—tree—field—hill and plain:  
Who'll buy himself a burial place?

Here's LOVE, the dreamy potent spell,  
That beauty flings around the heart:  
I know its power, alas! too well:  
'Tis going!—Love and I must part.  
Must part!—What can I more with Love?  
All over, the enchantment's reign:  
Who'll buy the plumeless dying dove—  
An hour of bliss—an age of pain?

And FRIENDSHIP, rarest gem of earth—  
Who e'er hath found the jewel his?  
Fruit, fickle, false, and little worth:  
Who bids for Friendship—as it is?  
'Tis going! going!—hear the call:  
Once, twice, and thrice—'Tis very low!  
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all;  
But now the broken staff must go!

FAME! Hold the brilliant meteor high—  
How dazzling every gilded name—  
Ye millions, now's the time to buy!  
How much for Fame! How much for Fame?  
Hear, how it thunders! Would you stand  
On high Olympus, far renowned,  
Now purchase, and a world command,  
And be—'with a world's curses crown'd!

Sweet star of Hope! with ray to shine  
In every sad, foreboding breast,  
Save this desponding one of mine—  
Who bids for man's last friend and best?  
Ah, were not mine a bankrupt life,  
This treasure should my soul sustain:  
But Hope and I are now at strife,  
Nor ever may unite again.

And SORE! For sale my tuneful lute:  
Sweet voice, mine no more to hold—  
The chords that charmed my soul are mute—  
I cannot wake the notes of old!  
Or e'en were mine a wizzard shell,  
Could chain a world in raptures high:  
Yet now a sad farewell! farewell!  
Must on its last faint echoes die.

And ION, Fashion, Show, and Pride!  
I part from all for ever now:  
Grief in an overwhelming tide,  
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.  
Poor heart! distracted, ah, so long—  
And still its aching throbs to bear—  
How broken, that was once so strong—  
How heavy, once so free from care!

No more for me life's futile dream—  
Bright vision vanishing away—  
My task requires a deeper stream,  
My sinking soul a surer stay.  
By DEATH, stern sheriff! all bereft,  
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod—  
The best of all I still have left—  
My FAITH, my BIBLE, and my GOD!

### THE OLD CONCOMBS LAMENT.

Oh! at the close of grey twilight,  
Ere Time's cold spell had bound me,  
Girls, like angels clothed in light,  
By their sides, clattering, found me;  
Their smiles or tears to me were cheer;  
But their words of love then spoken,  
Are now all gone, and I old groan,  
With a sad heart—almost broken.  
When I remember all  
The girls I've met together,  
I feel like a raven in the fall,  
Expected to every weather;  
I feel like one that heads alone  
Some barn-yard and all deserted,  
Where cats are fleck, whose hens are dead,  
And off to market started.

## THE STORY TELLER.

### THE PAINTED BEAUTY.

BY MRS. HUGHES.

'Oh! put it by—put it by! for here is ma coming!' said Josephine Meade, to her sister Caroline, seizing, as she spoke, a sheet of paper on which the latter had been writing, and trying to smuggle it into the writing-desk that stood open on the table near which they sat, before her mother had advanced far enough into the room to notice it.

'And pray what is it that you are so much afraid of ma seeing?' asked the parent, with a smile which seemed to say 'that her easy presence would check no sober musing.'

'Oh, nothing much,' replied Caroline, as she folded her desk together and prepared to lock it. 'I had hoped my children had no secrets from me,' rejoined the mother, with a more serious look.

'Real important secrets, ma, they have none,' said Josephine; 'but this is only a piece of nonsense, and not worth telling about.'

'But you never found me unwilling to join even in nonsense, when it served as an innocent amusement for the passing hour. I neither expect or wish my children to be always serious.'

'But, ma,' said Caroline, 'you know you often object to what we call mischief.'

'Mischief which exercises neither ingenuity nor wit, but is only made use of to tease or give pain to others. I always object to; and indeed the most brilliant exertion of talent I should despise, if its object was to torment. But I am not willing to suppose that either of you would seek amusement in any such way.'

'The young ladies were silent for some time; at length Josephine said:

'But a little harmless mischief, ma, is not wrong.'

'You had better first define, my dear, what you mean by harmless mischief.'

'Well, I mean, ma, mischief that does not hurt anybody, but only plagues them a little.'

'If you mean by plaguing that it gives them one moment of serious pain, I deny its right to the title of innocent; and I must beg, my dear girls, that you will try the mischief you are contemplating by this test.'

'But suppose we explain it away immediately, if we see that it causes pain; there will then be no harm in it, ma?' said Caroline, though in a tone that proved her not to be quite sure of the grounds on which she based her argument.

'Still pain would have been given, my daughter, and believe me, you will have much to answer for, if you inflict one unnecessary pang on the bosom of a fellow creature.'

'How, then, would you define innocent mischief, ma?' asked Josephine.

'By its being such as would produce a laugh when found out, even in those who had been the dupes of it.'

The daughters were silent, whilst the mother proceeded:

'Suppose you tell me frankly, my dear girls, the nature of the mischief you contemplated, and take the advantage of my experience to judge how far it comes under the head of innocent mischief.'

The two sisters looked at each other as if each was anxious to read the thoughts of the other; but at length Josephine, who was not only the eldest, but the most frank and ingenuous, said:

'Well, ma, you shall hear, and you will at once be sure, when I tell you whom we were going to play the trick, that we meant no harm by it. You know Cousin Louisa makes such a boast of her confidence in Edward Hymen's affection, and so often declares that she does not believe it would be possible for anything to make her doubt it for a single moment, that Cary and I thought we would put her to the test. So we were going to write an anonymous letter, advising her to examine well into the career of Edward's rising so frequently out toward Germantown, but without having anything to his charge. Then we intended to have the letter copied by our seamstress, as she writes a very good hand, and we would take care to be with Louisa when it was given to her, so that we could see the effect it had upon her, and if it seemed to make her seriously uneasy, we could explain the thing immediately, whilst we at the same time gave her a lesson not in future to have so much self-confidence. Now, surely, ma, this would be a very innocent trick.'

'I will answer you by telling you a story, Josephine,' replied the amiable parent, as she seated herself on a lounge by the side of her daughters, and will leave you to draw the inference yourselves.'

'I had, before I left my native country, a young friend, whom, were I to describe, and do justice to the picture, you would suspect me of, tumbling into the very wildest fields of romance. Angeline Beaumont, for so I will name her, was the sole merit of a designation, was a native of Scotland, and daughter of a gentleman who, though not wealthy, yet in consequence of holding a place under government, associated as an equal with the very first society of Edinburgh, to which city he removed at the time his daughter Angeline was in her eighteenth year. The sensation that this young girl's appearance ex-

cited in the Scotch metropolis, it would be impossible for me to give any idea of, for she was acknowledged by all who saw her, to be more exquisitely beautiful than anything in human form they had ever before seen. You may, however, be able to form some faint notion of the fact, when I tell you that wherever she went, not only young men crowded to get a sight of her, but young and old of both sexes eagerly hastened to whatever place they heard she was at, and felt repaid for the trouble if they got even a slight view of her matchless beauty.

'When walking in Princess street, you might see, when at a considerable distance, if she happened to be in any of the shops, by the intercourse of people that was collected round the door; and I have known her to have to wait as long as half an hour, before the crowd was sufficiently dispersed to enable her to get to the carriage that waited for her. When any entertainment was to be given, the first care was to secure her presence. On a Saturday it was a subject of general inquiry at what church she was likely to attend the next day; and whenever she appeared at the theatre, the audience simultaneously rose at her entrance.'

'Bless me, ma,' interrupted Caroline, 'I never heard of anything like such beauty as that! Surely such admiration must have gone far towards destroying her personal charms, by filling her with vanity. Was she not inordinately proud?'

'On the contrary, she was one of the most unassuming of human beings. In fact, the excess of admiration that she received, seemed to have the effect that I have sometimes seen sweetmeats produce upon you, when you were a child, for you may remember that by causing a nausea, they gave you a disgust to everything of the kind. It was from a feeling of this sort that I could alone account for my becoming so great a favorite with her, since, beautiful as her person was, I always felt disposed still more to admire the extraordinary innocence and simplicity of her mind, and the affectionate tenderness of her heart. My conversation, therefore, generally took a very different turn from what she was accustomed to, and as I was some years her senior, and had seen a good deal more of the world, she appeared always anxious to derive all the advantage in her power from my society.'

'What an extraordinary strong mind she must have possessed!' said Josephine; 'I think the qualities of her mind must have been quite as remarkable as those of her person.'

'In ordinary cases, they would have been far from being considered uncommon,' returned Mrs. Meade. 'Her education had been of the simplest kind, for her father, till a short time before he came to Edinburgh, had been in very limited circumstances, and her education had been conducted accordingly. But, though neither mind nor memory had been put much in requisition for the accumulation of learning, what was infinitely more important, her heart had been carefully attended to, and the amiable disposition with which nature had endowed her, had been nourished and expanded by the judicious care of a watchful and affectionate mother. From the manner in which she had been brought up, she was necessarily a novice in all the conversational forms of society; but, though her power over the public mind was such that she might, had she chosen to exert such influence, have almost regulated the manners of the society with which she mingled as entirely as she did, the factious, nothing could be more contrary to her inclinations, and she received a hint of a deviation from any of its usages, with as much simplicity as if she were as remarkable for the want of beauty, as she was pre-eminently conspicuous as for the possession of it. I think you are glad you mentioned it. I shall know better another time.' Her usual reply, when anything of the kind was mentioned; and this was accompanied by such a look as she never could give. But you will think I am never to come to the point of my story.'

'Among the multitude of slaves that threw themselves at the feet of the beautiful Angeline, was a Mr. Fitzroy, a young West Indian, of handsome but not very large fortune. Neither was he remarkable for any extraordinary personal qualifications, though agreeable looking, and of very pleasant, frank and gentlemanly manners. It was soon evident that he had gained a warm interest in Angeline's affections, whose mind was too artless and ingenuous for her to be able to conceal her feelings. Considering the many high titles and princely fortunes that were at her command, this preference could not but be a matter of surprise to all her friends, and on my expressing some such feeling to her, she said, with her usual simplicity—

'You must not talk to me about being in love with him, for I have no right to be so, since he has never spoken to me on such a subject; just as I will confess that his society is particularly agreeable to me, for the simple reason that he is the only gentleman who treats me as a rational being. He converses with me, whilst the others only set me up as a puppet, to be flattered and made a fool of. Since his first introduction, he has never once spoken to me about my person.'

'That these details are not imaginary, the memory of almost any one who was acquainted with Edinburgh, about thirty years ago, will bear witness.

at appearance; and, though you may perhaps think it is only consistent with the well-known weakness of human nature, that I should be most gratified at being complimented on that, of which I possess the least, it is a fact that Fitzroy has discovered the true art of flattering me, by treating me as a being possessed of something more valuable than the mere shell in which it is enclosed.'

'Besides myself, Angeline had but one very intimate female friend—for beauty such as hers was not much calculated to conciliate the affections of her own sex. Ellen Frazier, however, was a relation of Fitzroy's, a circumstance, I believe, to which she owed the chief of the interest that Angeline felt in her. And yet, though gay and thoughtless, she was kind-hearted and generous, and would never, had she given her self time to reflect, have done or said a thing to give pain to a human being, and more especially to Angeline, whom, I might almost say, she worshipped.'

'A great entertainment was to be given at the house of Lady —, to which we were all three engaged, and Ellen announced her intention, the evening before, of going in company with Angeline and her mother; for which purpose she promised to be with them at an early hour. As it was always a treat to me to superintend Angeline's toilet, and note the various phases of her resplendent beauty in the operation of dressing, I went, though engaged to accompany a party to pay another visit previous to my waiting upon Lady —, to gratify myself as usual. Angeline, however, was already dressed before I got there, and, on entering the room, I heard her ask Ellen what she was doing to her cheeks.'

'I am giving them a little rub, to try if anything will brighten their color,' said Ellen, laughing; 'though I believe,' she added, whilst she pressed her lips to the white polished forehead of the beautiful creature before her, 'it is fully to think of improving nature's work where she has tried her best to make it perfect. His Grace the Duke will be more than ever anxious this evening to prevail upon you to share his dukedom with you.'

'And I, returned Angeline, 'will be more than ever disposed to say, I thank your Grace, but I would rather not.'

'It was pretty late in the evening before I joined the party at Lady —, but when I got there was a good deal surprised to see Angeline's countenance wearing an expression of uneasiness and anxiety, that I had never before observed on it. She was surrounded by admirers as usual, among whom her star-and-garter admirer alone conspicuous; but I noticed that her eye often wandered about the room, as if in search of something, and she frequently appeared unconscious of having been spoken to. Fitzroy, I saw, was not with her as usual, and on looking about, without being able to see him, I remarked the circumstance of his absence to Ellen, and was told he had been there, but she supposed he had left.'

'An attack of sickness, which succeeded this night's dissipation, kept me confined to the house for a week or two, and during that time, I was a good deal surprised at Angeline's never having either sent or come to inquire after me. As I was, however, as I was able to go out, I hastened to see her. I found her pale, languid, and dispirited, and on my making a remark upon her looks, she burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed on my bosom. I endeavored to draw from her the secret of her uneasiness, but before she was sufficiently composed to speak, her tears entered the room, and put a stop to the confidence she was evidently disposed to place in me.'

'Mrs. Beaumont spoke of her daughter's labors under some severe indisposition, and urged her to consent to have a physician called. Angeline most positively objected. It should have been conspicuously lovely in the tall bloom of health, and in the gay sunshine of happiness and prosperity, how much more interesting did she appear when the pale cheek and the sad shade of melancholy that overshadowed her countenance, spoke of those feelings of the heart which all the excessive admiration she had received had failed to soothe. As I saw no prospect of her understanding her mind to me at that time, I left her, but returned the next morning, when her mother engaged with company, left Angeline, whom I had joined in her own room, at liberty to follow the dictates of her feelings; and it was not long before she acknowledged that her distress arose from an unaccountable change that had taken place in Fitzroy's manner towards her. I questioned her closely about what she attributed it to, but found that she was totally at a loss on the subject. She said the first time she had observed it was early in the evening of Lady —'s rout, where he had come soon after I had left her for the purpose of accompanying them; but even before they had left their own house, he had become grave and silent, and had gone away very soon after they arrived at Lady —'s. She had seen him two or three times since, but the same extraordinary change in his manner had still existed.

'I told you a short time ago,' she said, with her usual artlessness, 'that I had no right to think of love in relation to him, for he had never spoken to me on such a subject; but there are signs and tokens that can hardly be misun-

derstood, and I thought by them that I did not flatter myself too much when I indulged the belief that he loved me. I persuaded myself that he only waited to see the result of the Duke's suit, and I was anxious on that account to have a thorough understanding with his Grace. That is now over. The Duke is at length convinced that I was in earnest, and is gone, but Fitzroy is gone too,' she added, whilst the tears chased each other rapidly down her cheeks; 'for, though he calls occasionally, he is no longer the Fitzroy who had made himself so dear to me.'

'I asked her if she had ever tried to ascertain the cause of the change from Ellen, but was told, that on returning that night from Lady —'s, Ellen had found a messenger waiting for her, to take her to a married sister, who lived several miles off, and who was thought to be dying, and that she had not yet returned.

'My sympathy was warmly excited for the beautiful and disinterested girl, whose pure heart had turned from all the allurements of splendid rank and immense wealth, united in the person of a young and handsome man, and sought to repress itself upon one whose congenial mind had given her a promise of happiness more dear to her than all that fortune and titles could bestow; and I determined to leave no effort untried to discover the cause of Fitzroy's estrangement. He and I had never been upon very intimate terms, for his attention had ever been exclusively devoted to Angeline, to whom there could be no doubt of his being exceedingly attached; but I determined to use every means in my power to improve the acquaintance, and, if possible, to gain his confidence. Nor was I long of succeeding in my object, for he was evidently not less miserable than Angeline herself, and seemed ready to meet my advance, and have an opportunity of talking to one so well acquainted with the object of his devotion, and pouring out the feelings which lay rankling at his heart.'

'And what was the matter, dear mamma?' said Josephine. 'I am all impatience to hear what was that estranged him from so lovely a being.'

'You shall hear. By leading him on gradually to speak with frankness on the subject, I learned that conspicuous as was Angeline's beauty, it was not for that he loved her. He even declared that he would strenuously have guarded his heart from becoming its victim, under the conviction that such devotion as she was in the habit of receiving, was but a poor preparation for happiness in the married state, and had not seen how perfectly unadulterated her pure and unsophisticated mind had remained in the midst of all the corrupting influences by which she was surrounded. So perfectly had he become convinced of the purity and simplicity of her mind, and so strong were his hopes of having gained some interest in her affections, in preference to the many brilliant offers which courted her acceptance, that he only waited to be assured that even a star and garter had failed to seduce, before he made an offer of the simple boon of his heart, when he was startled one day by his cousin Ellen's telling him that the extraordinary bloom of her cheek was not that of nature. He resisted the charge with offended pride, but Ellen continued to insist, and at length undertook to prove the fact. It was therefore determined that he should join them before Angeline had left home on the night of Lady —'s rout, which he did, when Ellen, after showing her him for a brief time, to assure him it was perfectly colorless, went to Angeline, and, under the pretence of taking some little speck off her cheek, touched it, and immediately afterwards showed him that it was tinged pretty deeply with rouge. Almost at the same instant Angeline left the room for the purpose, as Ellen suggested, of re-touching her cheek, and returned soon after with a still more brilliant color.'

'It was not,' said Fitzroy, in a tone of deep feeling, 'that I was disappointed at finding her color to be less brilliant than I had before supposed it to be; for had I seen her by any natural cause deprived of it altogether, she would have continued to be as dear to me as ever—it was the time that the circumstance gave to the color of her mind, that produced the sudden revulsion of feeling. The pure gem that I had worshipped, that artless and innocent heart which had withstood all the corrupting attacks that had been made upon it, and until unparalleled trials had retained all its primitive simplicity, was now no longer there, and I felt that one who could be so insensible to the extraordinary gifts with which nature had endowed her, would have no heart to appreciate the offerings which I had in my power to bestow. Totally unable to account for a circumstance, the validity of which, Fitzroy appeared to have had such unequivocal demonstration, I could only declare my conviction that there was either a trick or mistake in the business, but determined at the same time to leave no stone unturned to discover the truth. For this purpose I set out with the intention, first of all, of speaking to Angeline, who I was convinced was the victim of some cruel artifice; but on my way thither, having to pass Mr. Frazier's door, I saw his carriage drive up, and Ellen step out and run into the house. In an instant an idea flashed upon my mind, and I resolved to speak to her before I mentioned it to any one else. I therefore took a circuitous turn, to allow her a little time to receive the greeting of her friends, and then hast-

ened to the house and asked for her. On being told that she was up stairs changing her traveling dress, I sent up my name, and was immediately invited to her chamber. My mind was too intent upon the subject of my visit, to be long explaining it, when she started, and exclaimed, 'Is it possible that such consequences can have arisen from my silly nonsense?' She then explained that Fitzroy and she had frequently disputed about the real cause of his devotion to Angeline, he declaring that it was her amiable disposition and affectionate heart alone that he loved; and she insisting that he was like other people—fascinated by her extraordinary beauty; and at length, as a trial of affection, she determined to play a trick upon him, and therefore contrived, on the night of which I have so often spoken, to put a little rouge on her cheeks, unknown to Angeline herself, and to take it off in his presence, as Fitzroy had already described. 'I considered it a mere harmless piece of mischief,' she continued, 'nor would it have been so suddenly called from home, and my mind so completely occupied ever since, that it has never entered my thoughts from that time to this. I will send to Fitzroy, however, immediately, and explain the matter; and beg his forgiveness. The thing was done as soon as said, and the lover made happy, though I do not know that he ever forgave his cousin her cruel trick.'

'And now, my dear children, tell me, I pray you, what is your opinion of such innocent mischief?'

'It is this,' said Caroline; and taking the paper, on which she had been writing, out of her desk, she tore it into a hundred pieces; 'and I am happy, dear mother,' she continued, 'that you happened to come in the way in time to save us from doing anything that might have produced such serious consequences.'

'But what did Angeline say on the occasion, mamma?' asked Josephine.

'When Ellen next wept over her fault,' replied Mrs. Meade, 'and said she was afraid neither Fitzroy nor herself could ever be forgiven by her—she for having raised a doubt in his mind, and he for giving it admittance—Angeline replied: "These tears have already washed your fault away, dear Ellen; and as to Fitzroy, it would be unreasonable in me to be offended at him for what I should myself have done under similar circumstances; for never would I think of unkind myself to one whom I found capable of practising a deliberate act of deception."

'She was a noble creature,' said the younger daughter, 'and I hope she has since been as happy as she was beautiful.'

'That would be expecting too much, my dear,' returned her mother; 'for perfect happiness is not designed for man below. I believe, however, that she has enjoyed as full a share of it as generally falls to the lot of humanity, as well as having a fair prospect of a much larger portion hereafter.'

## STEPHEN GIRARD.

The following capital anecdote, illustrative of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, is from the New Bedford Mercury:—

Mr. G. had a favorite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and who, when at the age of 21 years, expected Mr. G. to say something to him in regard to his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But Mr. G. said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority. At length, after the lapse of some weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. G. upon the subject.

'I suppose, sir,' said the clerk, 'I am free, and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?'

'Yes, yes, I know you are,' said Mr. G. 'and my advice to you is that you go and learn a cooper's trade.'

This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track; but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. G. was in earnest, he would do so.

'I am in earnest,'—and the clerk rather hesitatingly sought one of the best coopers, and went at it in good earnest, and in course of time made as good a barrel as any one. He went and told Mr. G. that he had graduated with all the honors of the craft, and was ready to set up his business; at which the old man seemed gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could. The young cooper selected the best materials, and soon put into shape and finished three of the best barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Mr. G. said the barrels were first rate, and demanded the price.

'One dollar,' said the clerk, as low as I can live by.'

'Cheap enough,' said his employer, 'make out your bill and present it.'

And now comes the cream of the whole. Mr. G. drew a check for twenty thousand dollars, and handed it to the clerk, closing with these words:

'There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living at all times.'

Why is dancing like new milk? Because it strengthens the calves, to be sure.







A splendid granite block has just been erected on the spot where Benjamin Franklin was born, in Milk street, Boston, near the corner Washington. On it, in enduring letters of granite, is the following inscription, "The birth place of Franklin."

Woom. The Boston Traveller says, that the numerous railroads in the vicinity of that city are slowly, but surely, bringing about one result—not so comfortable to a lover of a good hard wood fire. They are gradually absorbing all the wood in their regions, and have agents about the country purchasing lots of standing wood; so that the scarcity is already beginning to be felt, and in a few more years have elapsed, our citizens will have to give up entirely the solid oak of this region, for the less profitable oak of the Eastern country.

The following toast was drunk some while ago—  
Old bachelors and old maids—a cold set; and  
they be toasted until they are melted together.

'You look as if you were beside yourself,'  
the wag said to a fellow who stood by the side  
his ass.

**10,000** LBS. Old Iron wanted  
the surplus of an order  
for Stoves and Coal. W. E. GOODSON  
Norway, Oct. 12, 1947. tried



WSE. L. GODINOW  
if 29

WOOL, WOOL, SKINS, AND SHH  
PURE  
JEREMIAH HOV  
Norway-Village, Oct. 9, 1847.

PING  
 E.  
 2.



**DEAL & HALE'S**  
 PATENT IMPROVED  
**CORN CRACKER**



**A NEW AND SUPERIOR INVENTION**  
*For Cracking Corn and Cobs previous  
 passing through mill-stones.*  
*Now Grinding the cobs suitable for P*

also, suitable for Mining, and  
the use of Stables.  
Also, for grinding Bark, Apples, Sum-  
Plaster, &c. &c.

**THIS** valuable Invention possesses all the  
of the kind, in Compactness, Durability,  
Fertility of its Work, and Economy of Power.  
It will, when set up for use, be two feet down in  
which is more than sufficient to grind any  
chance. It will wear (with the same usage) as  
than three of those now in use, and grind the  
and Cobs to the same degree of fineness, *ready*  
for the consumer. It is, in fact, the only  
other machines, (except the hand mill, and  
it will do when the Turn is damp, or even a

WOLFENBUTEL, Dec. 8, 1914.  
Messrs. Reed & Co., Worcester, Mass.:—  
Here we have put in your *Wolfenbutel*. Since we  
purchased of you and we are happy to say we  
put quite as well as we had hoped to say we  
are very satisfied with the results of the  
designs. We think that we can get rid of our  
old passing the through your *Cochran*, near  
think your making a saving to our  
of the *Cochran* of the *Cochran*. We would say,  
that we find it quite a saving to let our

suffered. And we say, that consideration is  
 superior manner in which it does the work, its  
 perfect durability, and the good results of its  
 operation. It is doubtless the best article which  
 has ever been made, perfectly.  
 JOHN C. BEMIS,  
 W. M. B. WHITE,  
 Worcester, Dec. 16, 1874.  
 To Messrs. Hall & Co., Gentlemen: Having  
 used of recent years one of your Pencils for  
 drawing, and finding it to be the best for my  
 satisfaction of my customers, and furthermore  
 its extreme price, their kind made by it, and  
 their name, to cause it to be the best of the  
 world. I should recommend to any artist in  
 use of a Ball Pen, to get one of those machines  
 which they are making, and use of the kind in  
 use.  
 Respectfully yours,  
 ROBERT S. SIMPSON,  
 Lowell, Dec. 18, 1874.  
 To Messrs. Hall & Co., Gentlemen: I have  
 used of recent years one of your Pencils for  
 drawing, and finding it to be the best for my  
 satisfaction of my customers, and furthermore  
 its extreme price, their kind made by it, and  
 their name, to cause it to be the best of the  
 world. I should recommend to any artist in  
 use of a Ball Pen, to get one of those machines  
 which they are making, and use of the kind in  
 use.  
 Respectfully yours,  
 ROBERT S. SIMPSON,  
 Lowell, Dec. 18, 1874.

[illegible][illegible]

**WILLIAM BEAL,**  
At Adams's Steam Mill, Adams  
Lowell, Mass.

To clean all our goods be polished, A  
sable, B. H. GILES, NOT REE &  
SON, QUACK HILL, AND THE PARKER &  
WHITE, N. York, and the  
Black, New Street.

Mr. Beal is also Agent for the sale of  
GILLES'S PATENT SHUT ME  
Also, for the sale of  
GILLES'S PATENT CATHEDRAL IMPROVED  
GRINDING MILL  
And Right for the same, in the towns of  
Lynn, Merrimack, Stratford and Rockland,  
Hampden, and Essex counties, Mass.  
The choice machines are believed to be some  
of the best yet invented.—Only 27, 1847.

**MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
**OFFER to the Trade, at WHOLESALE**  
 their various styles of **WOOLENS**, at a  
 reduction from the retail prices, and at  
 prices that the same quality of goods can be  
 found in the best of the markets.  
**JAMES DILLING, Jr.**  
 South Paris, May 25, 1847.

**SUITABLE for Meeting Houses, Pa-  
 rishes, School Houses, &c. and other families**  
 are at the old Store, Stand for  
**W. B. GARDINER**  
 Agent for **Manufacture**  
 Norway Village, Oct. 12, 1847.

**Bricks! Bricks!!**  
**10,000 BRICKS for Sale by**

Norway, Aug. 24, 1947.